

THEATRE



ROYAL

DRURY LANE.

Sole Lessee and Manager - Mr. F. B. CHATTERTON.

JACK IN THE BOX;

OR,

HARLEQUIN LITTLE TOM TUCKER,

AND

THE THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

GRAND COMIC CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.

BY

E. L. BLANCHARD,

Author of "Hop o' my Thumb," "Sinbad the Sailor," "Little Goody Two Shoes," "House that Jack Built," "Robin Hood," "Little King Pippin," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Puss in Boots," "Beauty and the Beast," "Peter Wilkins," "Little Jack Horner," "King Humming Top," "Harlequin Hudibras," "Margery Daw," "Seven Ages of Man," "Dragon of Wantley," "Tom Thumb the Great," "The Children in the Wood," &c., &c., &c.

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1873.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

THIS EVENING, THE DRURY LANE NEW GRAND CHRISTMAS
COMIC ANNUAL,

Illustrative of old English Folk-Lore and Nursery Legends, entitled

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“Three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl. Had the bowl been stronger our story would have been longer.”—*Ancient Legend of the Nursery.*

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Richard Higgleddypiggledy				MR. NAYLOR.
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Prince Felix, of the Fortunate Isles (disguised as
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How the Wise Men of Gotham go to sea in a bowl, and how the strange story
is told of the gathering of the Fairies on the Village Common once every
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 'Twas merry the sound of the harpstrings, and their dancing feet so small,
 But, oh, the tales they had to tell were merrier far than all."

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"And so we must all be small, dear boys,
 And so we must all be small,
 Till we our great faults can recall, dear boys,
 We must be all of us small."

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"Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, and cannot tell where to find them,
Leave them alone and they'll come home, and bring their tails behind them."

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HARVEST HOME OF THE FAIRIES.

The Fairy Cornucopia MISS MOWBRAY.

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THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

THE Village of Gotham, so renowned in story, is seven miles from Nottingham. In the Domesday Survey the village is said to be called Gotham from goats, which being much cherished here, it was called Goat's Home, or dwelling. It is, even now, frequently pronounced Gote-ham. Warton, speaking of the "idle pranks of the men of Gotham," observes, "that such pranks bore a reference to some customary law tenures belonging to that place or its neighbourhood, now grown obsolete." Hearne also says, "Nor is there more reason to esteem the merry tales of the madmen of Gotham (which was much valued and cried up in the time of Henry VIII., though now sold at ballad-singers' stalls) as altogether a romance: a certain skilful person having told me, more than once, that they formerly held lands there by such sports and customs as are touched upon in this book." Fuller says, that the proverb "'As wise as a man of Gotham,' passeth publicly for the paraphrasis of a fool; and a hundred fopperies are forged and fathered on the townsfolk of Gotham." It has been observed, however, that a custom prevailed, even amongst the earliest nations, as stigmatising some particular spot as remarkable for stupidity. Thus, amongst the Asiatics, Phrygia was considered as the Gotham of that day; Abdera, amongst the Thracians; and Bœotia among the Greeks. It is evident that considerable publicity had been given to the many ridiculous fables, traditionally told, of the men of Gotham; particularly of their having often heard the cuckoo, but never having seen her, and therefore hedged in a bush whence her note seemed to proceed, that, being confined within so small a compass, they might at length catch her and satisfy their curiosity. What gave rise to the story is not now remembered, but there is, at a place called Courthill, in this parish, a bush still designated by the name of the "Cuckoo bush." The present inhabitants, however, turn this hill to a better purpose than their ancestors did, as

they work on the side of it two very fine quarries ; one of gypsum, in large blocks ; the other of a reddish stone, sufficiently hard for building, but calcareous, and fit either to burn into lime, or to polish as marble. The book alluded to by Hearne, is mentioned by Walpole, who says : “ ‘ The Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham,’ a book extremely admired, and often reprinted in that age, was written by Lucas de Heere, a Flemish painter who resided in England in the time of Elizabeth.” Wood, however, is of a different opinion, and tells us that the tales were written by one Andrew Borde, or Andreas Perforatus as he calls himself. This facetious gentleman was a kind of travelling quack ; and it is supposed that the name and occupation of a Merry Andrew took its rise from him. There is an old black letter edition of the work at the Bodleian Library at Oxford, called “ Certaine Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham, compiled in the reign of Henry VIII., by Andrew Borde, an eminent physician of that period.” One of these stories is related nearly in the following words :—

“ There were two men of Gotham, and the one of them was going to the market of Nottingham to buy sheepe, and the other came from the market ; and both met together upon Nottingham bridge. ‘ Well met,’ said the one to the other. ‘ Whither bee ye going?’ said he that came from Nottingham.’ ‘ Marry,’ said he that was going thither, ‘ I go to that market to buy sheepe.’ ‘ Buy sheepe!’ said the other, ‘ and which way wilt thou bring them home?’ ‘ Marry,’ said the other, ‘ I will bring them over this bridge.’ ‘ By Robin Hood,’ said he that came from Nottingham, ‘ but thou shalt not.’ ‘ By Maid Marian,’ said he that was going thitherward, ‘ but I will.’ ‘ Thou shalt not,’ said the one. ‘ I will,’ said the other. ‘ *Ter here,*’ said the one. ‘ *Shue there,*’ said the other. Then they beat their staves against the ground, one against the other, as there had been a hundred sheep betwixt them. ‘ Hold in,’ said the one. ‘ Beware the leaping over the bridge of my sheepe,’ said the other. ‘ They shall not come this way,’ said the one. ‘ But they shall,’ said the other. ‘ Then,’ said the other, ‘ and if thou make much to do, I will put my finger in thy mouth.’ ‘ A—thou wilt,’ said the other. And as they were at their contention, another man of Gotham came by from the market, with a sacke of meale upon his horse, and seeing and hearing his neighbours in strife about sheepe, and none betwixt them, said, ‘ Ah ! fooles, will you never learn wit?’ ‘ Help me,’ said he that had the meal, ‘ and lay my sack upon my shoulder.’ They did soe ; and he went to one side of the bridge, and unloosed the mouth of the sacke, and did shake out all his meale into the river. ‘ Now neighbours,’ said he, ‘ how much

meale is there in my sacke?' 'Marry! there is none at all,' said they. 'Now, by my faith,' said he, 'even as much wit is in your heads to strive for that thing you have not.' Which was the wisest of all these three persons, judge you?"

There is also a tale of two brothers, one of whom wished for as many oxen as he saw stars, whilst the other, wishing for a pasture as wide as the firmament, they quarrelled and killed each other about the pasturage of the oxen: and another of a good woman who, when left at home by her husband, with directions to wet the meal before she gave it to the pigs, threw the meal into the well, and the pigs after it. The people of Gotham have a tradition that their folly was like Edgar's madness, put on for the occasion; and Throsby relates that, according to this tradition, "the cuckoo bush" was merely planted to commemorate a trick which the inhabitants of Gotham put upon King John, who, passing through this place towards Nottingham, and intending to go over the meadows, was prevented by the villagers, who supposed that the ground over which a king passed must ever after remain a public road. The king, incensed at their proceedings, sent from his court soon after some of his officers to inquire of them the reason of their incivility and ill-treatment, in order that he might duly appportion the punishment, by way of fine, &c. The Gothamites, hearing of their approach, thought of an expedient to turn away his displeasure; for when the messengers arrived, they found some of the inhabitants endeavouring to drown an eel in a pool of water; some employed in dragging carts upon a large barn, in order to shade the wood from the sun; others were tumbling their cheeses down hill, that they might find their way to Nottingham market for sale; and some employed in hedging in a cuckoo, which had perched upon an old bush that stood where the present one now stands—in short, they were all occupied in some foolish way or other, which convinced the King's officers that they were a village of fools!"

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JACK IN THE BOX.

SCENE I.

View of the Village of Gotham—Sunset—with Saw
Mill, Brook, and Timber Yard.

*Music. The THREE WISE MEN and all the VILLAGERS of Gotham
discovered busily looking for Needles in Bundles of Hay, as curtain
rises to symphony of opening chorus.*

Air—Old English—"The Maypole."

We've searched about, but can't find out
The place where they can be ;
Tho' in and out, and round about
That place we've tried to see.
They should be somewhere here,
And ought to be, we say ;
But we've stumbled, grumbled, mumbled, fumbled,
Tumbled about the hay.
Tumbled, fumbled, mumbled, grumbled,
Stumbled about the hay.

RALPH. Well, have you got 'em?

RICHARD. Got 'em? we can't find 'em.

These bundles must have left them all behind them.

ROBIN. Looking for needles here we've been all day.

RALPH. Yet that's the place to look for them, folks say.

ROBIN. Well, possibly a bowl requires no stitching.

RICHARD. Sagacious thought! that notion is bewitching.

Better the planks should pasted be together,
Then they will bid defiance to the weather.

RALPH. We have been called, by men of every nation,
The greatest set of boobies in creation;
But after this, a question will arise
Whether the men of Gotham are not wise.

ROBIN. A few tin tacks would not be a bad plan;
We'll nail the planks together, if we can.

RALPH. Tin tacks! the very thing, I have no doubt.
Haven't you heard that ships take tacks about?

RICHARD. At all events, we three are on the whole
All bent on going to sea.

RALPH. }
and }
ROBIN. }

And in a bowl.

RALPH. Then for provision, stores we must lay in—

(*Note of Cuckoo.*)

Hark! there's a cuckoo! Let us hedge him in.

(*Music. As the Cuckoo hops on with his familiar note, ROBIN, RALPH, and RICHARD, with the rest of the Men of Gotham, hide each behind a Bundle of Hay—gradually hopping down, they enclose the Cuckoo, leaving him however visible to audience.*)

RALPH. This is a clever notion, I must say—
We have him safe.

(*Cuckoo goes over their heads and Exits.*)

OMNES. Look! See! He flies away!

(*Quick music. Fruitless chase of Villagers, who fling off their Bundles of Hay after Cuckoo.*)

(*ROBIN brings on three cheeses.*)

ROBIN. Here are three cheeses.

RICHARD. Cheeses! we want meat.

RALPH. Of course, we beef and mutton ought to eat.

Send them to market. they will sell themselves ;
And what they bring we'll place upon our shelves.

RICHARD. There, roll them down the hill. They know the way.

RALPH. And fetch good prices, for it's market day.

(The three Cheeses are rolled off, P. S.)

ROBIN. I wish I'd sheep as there are stars on high.

RICHARD. And I a field as big as the whole sky.

You shouldn't graze your sheep, tho', in my field.

ROBIN. Oh ! wouldn't I.

RICHARD. No—that point I'd never yield.

ROBIN. Then, let this teach thee that I would and will.

RALPH. Forbear ! A stranger's coming up the hill,—
Of noble presence, tho' in humble guise,
He may assist us—he looks very wise.

*(Music. Enter with bundle over his shoulder, PRINCE FELIX of the
Fortunate Isles, disguised as TOM TUCKER, a travelling artisan.)*

PRINCE. Ah ! gentlemen of Gotham. Hail—good day—
Will fair day's work secure a fair day's pay ?
I am a travelling workman, and can take
A share in anything you want to make.

RALPH. The very man ; we're going to build a bowl.

PRINCE. Then I'll assist you with my heart and soul.

RICHARD. It's a big bowl, we are all here going to sea in it ?

PRINCE. I see, it must have room enough for three in it.

RALPH. Wonderful man !—I said how wise he looked.

PRINCE. Hammer, and wood, and nails,—that job is booked.

ROBIN. He knows at once the very things to get.

RICHARD. I've never seen a workman like him yet.

PRINCE *(aside)*. They little know a prince is here before 'em,
Who loves the daughter of King Cockalorum ;
Her picture put my heart in quite a pucker.

RALPH. Your name is—

PRINCE. Tom, my other name is Tucker.
Enough for dinner, work will always bring for it.

RALPH. }
 RICHARD. } And how do you get your supper?
 ROBIN. }

PRINCE. Bless you—sing for it.

Song.—PRINCE.—“ *Sedition Rondo*,” *Mdme. Angot*.

I'm one who takes the world about me
 Quite as it comes, with rose or thorn ;
 Of course, it might do well without me,
 Just as it did 'ere I was born.
 But, if in lives of honest labour,
 All men do their best, I'm sure
 Every man must do good to his neighbour,
 Till all are better off than before. *(Refrain).*
 Often with work to be done in a hurry,
 Princes and monarchs have plenty of worry,
 So I've very often thought,
 E'en honours may be dearly bought.

RALPH. Quite my opinion, Mr. Thomas Tucker.

RICHARD. You're just in time to come to our succour.

ROBIN. Here is our workshop, will it please you view it ?

RALPH. You make the bowl, and we'll all see you do it.

PRINCE. You have a brook that turns a mill, however.

RALPH. Wheels, turned by water !—Isn't water clever ?

PRINCE. Well, come along, such work I understand,
 And I'll soon turn this big bowl out of hand.

*(Music. Three men take PRINCE into workshop. Change of Music
 “Laird of Cockpen,” heard first softly as in the distance, then
 approaches nearer. Villagers coming forward and intimating their
 delight at the advance of the KING and Court).*

*(Enter COCKALORUM the Great, King of Cockaigne, attended by
 Grand Chamberlain, Court Physician, Lord High Treasurer,
 Chief Justice, Chancellor of Exchequer, President of Council,
 Master of the Horse, Guards and Courtiers, &c. &c. The PRINCESS*

POPPET, *of Cockaigne, attended by Nurse, Ladies in Waiting, and her retinue*).

KING. Here will we on our royal progress rest,
And take refreshment as it seemeth best.
Now, rustics, since we've visited this spot,
We'll honour you by taking all you've got.
Your choicest wine our royal hearts will cheer,
While others may regale themselves on beer.

(Villagers refresh the Monarch with a flagon of wine, and distribute jugs of beer to attendants.)

KING. My temper's bad, the slightest things upset it,
I want my way in everything, and get it.
There's not a man in all my wide dominions,
About my meaning can have two opinions.
Or if he does, and daringly confesses it,
He rues the very moment he expresses it.

(Consternation of Villagers and Courtiers.)

PRINCESS. Oh ! what a stupid place.

KING. It is, my dear ;
That was the reason why I brought you here.
Now don't you think it is a pity, rather,
My handsome child—how very like your father !—
You should be—well, I'll mildly say “A dunce.”

PRINCESS. You might have said a fool, papa, at once,
You know I'm so like you.

KING. In face ; for t'other
I trace a strong resemblance to your mother.

PRINCESS. That I am somewhat stupid, I admit,
I try to learn, but can't improve a bit.

KING. Can't you contrive to look a little wise ?
Just shut your mouth, and open wide your eyes,
And something nice I think that I could send you.

PRINCESS. What's that, papa ?

KING. A husband to attend you,

Who would with title give you wealth and lands,
And take a deal of trouble off my hands.

PRINCESS. What! let me have a nice new doll to play with,
Whose arms I might pull off and make away with?

KING. That which you wish to do, will please your lover,
That which you can't do, leave him to discover.
I want to hear some stupid man propose.

(Enter PRINCE FELIX from workshop).

PRINCE. The bowl is finished, and away it goes.

(Bowl, with three men, seen launched.)

This wooden bowl, the fame of Gotham spreads,

RALPH. We three all made it out of our own heads.

PRINCE *(aside)*. There's the princess of whom I've seen the
picture,

And in my heart have framed it as a fixture.

If she requires a husband, I'm the man.

KING. What means this bowl?

PRINCE. To go sire where it can.

In this big bowl three men are going to sea.

KING. What?

PRINCE. That's a secret sire, that rests with me.

KING. Adventurous men, who go on the deep water,
Proclaim that I have got a lovely daughter.
Whoe'er with common sense that girl provides,
Shall have her hand, my blessing, too, besides.

(The Men of Gotham accept the commission, and bowl works off).

PRINCE. From what I've heard, I think I know the plan.

KING. You do! Then tell it, there's a good young man.

THE LEGEND.

Song.—THE PRINCE.

Air.—"Bay of Cherokee."

There's a strange old tale of the wonders to be seen
On Midsummer eve—old style—

But your nerves must be strong, and your heart be true,
 And your conscience devoid of guile.
 Every hundred years, on the neighbouring plain,
 On that night there is said to be,
 If you only go there as the clock strikes twelve,
 Such a fair as we ought to see.

It's a tale you won't believe, but they tell me at the time,
 As mushrooms rise in view,
 That a fair—just fancy—is held upon the green,
 By some jolly little elves and their crew.
 I received the account from a very old man,
 Aged more than a century;
 He was there the very night, when it last did occur,
 And to night it again will be.

Chorus.

It's the very kind of tale to be told to the marines,
 A tale of the good old style,
 Tho' our nerves may be strong, where are hearts that are true,
 With a conscience devoid of guile?

(The PRINCE takes the opportunity of showing his attachment to the PRINCESS. The KING interrupts their love making. The PRINCE indicates he is resolved to win the PRINCESS, and be at the mid-night fair. Court go off one side, and villagers the other).

SCENE II.

Gotham Common on Midsummer Eve.

(Enter, to Music, the PRINCE, who makes his way among the Mushrooms plentifully growing on the Common.)

PRINCE. Well, here I am, the strangest of positions,
 I really think I answer all conditions.

My nerves are strong, my conscience has no sting,
And true as steel, the heart I have to bring.
I won't turn back, whate'er comes in my way;
Something advances, who are you, I say?

(Music. Enter the Fairy ELFINA disguised as Old Woman, with Crutch.)

ELFINA. A poor old dame who only comes in sight,
To gather mushrooms growing here to-night.

PRINCE. Let me assist you, ah! confound the pins.

(Smarting under effect of touch as he supports her arm.)

ELFINA. Wasn't it conscience pricked you for your sins?
Aren't you afraid, young man, whoe'er you be,
To trust yourself here, all alone with me?

PRINCE. I know no guile, ne'er meant one any harm.

ELFINA. If so, then you're the chap to work the charm,
Something, if you look round you circumspectly,
Out of the common you will see directly.
Listen! I think it is about the time.

(Village clock strikes twelve.)

PRINCE. The clock strikes twelve.

ELFINA. When ends that midnight chime
Observe these mushrooms, what there now appears
No one has witnessed for a hundred years.

(Mysterious Music. Piano.)

Look there! Behold!

(Movement of Mushrooms.)

PRINCE. The mushrooms up are springing,
And something odd from underground are bringing.

ELFINA. You see at present everywhere among us,
A mushroom, popularly called a fungus.
I do but strike my crutch, and with this plunge, I
Reveal the funny figures of the Fungi.

They get no higher wages than my thanks,
Yet here they are, with all their pretty pranks.

(ELFINA strikes crutch, which she throws off with her disguise.)

(Mushrooms go through evolutions.)

ELFINA. They have a wholesome reputation got,
Not like these toadstools, who are an awful lot.

(Dance of toadstools.)

More quickly now than mushrooms here will grow,
The Fairies' Fancy Fair and Flower Show.

Rapid change to

SCENE III.

The Fairies' Fancy Fair and Flower Show.

(Transformation of Mushrooms to the stalls at which Fairies preside. Rapid movements of the glittering elves, &c. The stage presents a general scene of animation till ELFINA speaks.)

ELFINA (To PRINCE.) Look round you; here may favoured mortals
buy

Whatever article most charms the eye.
Offer no money, coin no fairies take,
With gentle words and looks the purchase make.

PRINCE. Thanks for the hint, my bargain seems a rare one,
What pretty toy will please my simple fair one?
What shall I buy for her?

(Fairies at stalls invite custom.)

1ST. FAIRY. A bunch of flowers.

A choice bouquet fresh culled from beauty's bowers.

2ND. FAIRY. A feather brush removes each trace of care.

You'll find there's nothing prettier in the fair.

3RD. FAIRY. Some rare old tapestry, quite free from fracture,
Warranted real Goblin manufacture.

4TH. FAIRY. Six articles entirely useless. These
Are most expensive, and are sure to please.

5TH. FAIRY. Pincushions fashioned in all kinds of forms.

6TH. FAIRY. A glass foretelling matrimonial storms.

7TH. FAIRY. Portraits of public men who hold high places,
A famous chance to recognise their faces.

8TH. FAIRY. The likenesses of those, both long and deeply
Engaged on a late trial—going cheaply.

9TH. FAIRY. Some curious witnesses for the accused,
No reasonable offer now refused.

PRINCE. I have opinions not quite orthodox,
So choose instead this simple Jack in Box.
A more ingenious toy man ne'er devised,
You know what's coming but are still surprised.
Now-a-days, folks seem scarce surprised at all,
"Jack in the Box," I take you from the stall.

(*Music.* PRINCE receives from stall a Box (a large imitation of toy),
labelled "Jack in the Box," and places it on stage.

ELFINA. No wiser choice could mortal man have made,
Here lies our cleverest sprite in ambushade,
A curious Elf, who everyone surprises.

PRINCE. I touch the spring, then pop, and up he rises.

Music. Appearance of JACK IN THE BOX.)

This is the strangest toy man ever bought.

JACK. Want me? and Jack springs up as quick as thought.
I'm double-jointed, light as clouds ethereal,
And warranted well made, of best material.

(*Music.* JACK illustrates his elasticity by a series of movements.)

ELFINA. You have become his master from to-day,
What you command, he swiftly will obey.

JACK. Just such a faithful servant will I make you.

PRINCE. You will! Then, as your owner, off I take you.

I'll see you to a fair Princess consigned,
Of faultless form, but undeveloped mind.
About the palace you shall antics play,
She may grow wiser thro' your pranks ; away !

(*Music.* JACK *expresses his devotion, and goes off with* PRINCE.)

ELFINA. Last chance to-night ! what other youth appears ?
Once—only once—in every hundred years.

Song.—HARMONIA.—“ *The Fairies' Fancy Fair.*”

Written by E. L. Blanchard, composed by W. C. Levey, and published by
Duff & Stewart, 147, Oxford Street.

Come, who will have this magic spell,
I have charms for every care,
Yet, not for silver fairies sell,
So buyers must beware.
Nor take we gold for what is sold,
But a look from a loving eye,
And a gentle word in the twilight heard,
Will priceless treasures buy.
Then mortals all, come round my stall,
Here no one need despair,
You get with a glance, the luckiest chance,
At the Fairies' Fancy Fair.

This Fairy charm is really cheap,
When round the neck 'tis hung,
All those who wear the locket, keep
Their hearts for ever young.
It holds you true to the one you knew,
In the brightest days of yore,
And it brings you back, by a rosy track,
To the happy old times once more.

But mortals all, at every stall,
When hither you repair,
Hearts must not range, we have never change
At the Fairies' Fancy Fair.

GRAND TABLEAU

AND

BALLET,

ON WHICH SCENE CHANGES TO.

SCENE IV.

The Cabinet of King Cockalorum.

(Quick Pantomime Music, and enter rapidly KING, driving before him all his Ministers, Courtiers, &c., and followed by Guards, who range at back.)

KING. Don't talk to me—I'm savage, and I know it;
When I am in a rage I let you know it.
Groom of the Bedchamber—

(Trembling attendant advances.)

I gave you warning,
My royal razor wasn't stropped this morning.
Confine the caitiff fifty fathoms deep
In lowest dungeon of the castle keep.
Where's the First Lord in Waiting?

(First Lord advances nervously as Groom exits.)

Sir, I found
My toast this morning blacked instead of browned.

For this, until I hear of due repentance,
Twelve months in banishment shall be your sentence.
Clerk of the Kitchen—

(Clerk advances with trembling knees.)

Didn't I this minute
Discover gravy with a cinder in it?
This is contempt of Court—it does amaze me!
Fine him a thousand pounds, and see he pays me.

Song.—KING.

Air.—"King and Countryman."

The monarch I am of a wide domain,
I'm King of the country called Cockaigne.
I'll have my own way as long as I reign,
And after I've done I shall want it again;
As the rightful heir all, one to share all,
Emperor of Cockaigne.

A daughter I have so dull and dense,
She hasn't the smallest grain of sense,
And the stupidest folks I found, were hence
Too wise to have her on any pretence.
As I made my rural, tour all, cure all,
Agony of suspense.

So here I am, on my former track,
And not in the best of tempers, back;
Of suitors here if I find a lack,
I can only say there will be a whack.
Fa-laral, share all, making you care all—
Whacketty, racketty, crack.

KING. Where is my daughter? don't you see I'm calm?
Where is my daugh——? you needn't feel alarm.
Where is my daughter? Why do you not reply?
Go off, or else your heads will by-and-by.

(Enter NURSE, with Lady in Waiting.)

Oh ! here is one, who from her situation,
Ought to possess a little information.
Where's the princess, immediately away to her,
State that her father has a word to say to her.

LADY IN WAITING. There ! don't you hear, nurse ? Why don't
you obey ?

Great Cockalorum has a word to say.

(Exit NURSE.)

KING. A word ! I shall want hundreds ere I've done.

(Enter PRINCESS POPPET.)

Oh ! here you are, you precious simpleton !
You know I'm anxious, girl, you should be married,
Ere by some revolution off I'm carried.
Such things have been and may be once again,
If you were wedded, you might hope to reign.

PRINCESS. But I'm so stupid—I should not know how.

KING. That's no objection, government rules now.
You only sit, and nod, and say " All right !"
I've reigned so many a year.

PRINCESS. Seems easy, quite.

KING. Of course it is, but in the wedded state,
A man requires an intellectual mate.
I don't expect you to have brains like Plato's,
But you might learn to——well, say, boil potatoes.

PRINCESS. Do you believe in fairies, pa ?

KING. No, pooh !

PRINCESS. I didn't once, but now I think I do.

I had a dream last night, and during sleep
They gave me such a pretty toy to keep.
With that, my education seemed completed,
And fairies said—

KING. You're always so conceited ;

You think because you're pretty, that's enough,
You'll find it isn't.

PRINCESS. Fairies said that——

KING. Stuff!

I'll hear no more. As princely suitors rose up
And asked your hand, you turned your pretty nose up.
And now I've travelled the whole country thro',
No lord seems fool enough to look at you.

(*Enter HERALD with Trumpet.*)

HERALD. Sire, I'm desired——

KING. You are, to quickly tell——

HERALD. A handsome stranger has arrived.

KING. 'Tis well.

Admit him to our royal presence. Stay!
What ho! B'low there, trumpets—blow away.

(*Exit HERALD.*)

(*Vehement Flourish of Trumpets.*)

By that, the stranger waiting for admission
Will know we are in a flourishing condition.
Now leave each syllable to your papa,
And don't reveal the silly belle you are.

(*Lively Music. Enter PRINCE FELIX, still disguised as TOM TUCKER, with "Jack in the Box."*)

PRINCE. Fair lady, mighty monarch, here you see
One of good name, tho' not of high degree.

(*To PRINCESS.*)

I know you're pretty, I have heard you're proud,
Yet hope my presents here may be allowed.

PRINCESS. And you have brought——?

PRINCE (*presents Jack in Box.*) This gift.

PRINCESS. Oh! I shall scream!

The youth and toy I pictured in my dream.

KING. It seems a curious sort of thing.

Fortune favouring,
You not wavering,
Here a husband you behold ;
Don't mind trinkets,
Don't you think it's
Bettter to have love than gold.

General Chorus.—" Fortune favouring, &c."

KING. *Air.*—" *I should like to.*" *Chorus only.*

I should like to. I should like to.
I hope that she will not say "shan't."
But a bride, too, I have tried to
Long marry her off but I can't.

Duet and Chorus. *Air.*—" *I wish I was.*"

KING.

I'm not satisfied at all
With what she is, but could
I only make her something else
I very quickly would.

PRINCE.

I madly am in love,
As deep as man can be ;
But such conceit I never did meet,
As here I chance to see.

Chorus.

I wish it was to be ;
But her lips, tho' sweet as honey,
Are under a nose that turns up
At every man with money.
I wish she was again
At her school, where she should be ;
I wish she had a grain of sense,
Then she would marry me.

JACK. *Air.*—"Evans' Pantomimical."

Peculiar thing the Princess is,
 So impudent a "cuss;"
 But if you only wait awhile,
 You needn't make a fuss,
 I know a plan to work a cure,
 You leave it all to us.

Hixtum, stixtum, you shall see
 Her pride shall go down plump.
 Just touch my spring, enough for me,
 How I will make her jump!

Oh dear! oh law! &c.

For I am Jack in the Box!

Chorus of others. Repeat.

Hixtum, stixtum, you will see
 Her pride shall go down plump.
 Just touch his spring, and quickly he
 Will make the Princess jump!

Oh dear! oh law! &c.

For he is Jack in the Box!

(PRINCESS conceitedly goes off, and rest follow, dancing off to end of tune.)

(Scene discovers)

SCENE V.

Court of the King of Cockaigne.

(All the Ministers discovered round the throne. Enter KING, PRINCE FELIX, Guards, &c. KING ascends throne with marked ceremony.)

KING. Here, in possession of our royal chair,
 Let Cockalorum settle this affair.

In vain to coax his child your monarch tries.

Can anybody anything advise?

As peacock proud, she's obstinate as mule.

IRISH M. Shure, don't you see what's wanted?—Its "Home Rule."

KING. Silence!

IRISH M. Home rule—it plainest common sense is.

We'll do the governing, you pay the expenses.

KING. Silence for Thomas Tucker!

PRINCE. Sire, I press

My suit as suitor to the fair Princess.

The picture of her beauty I must say

Fell short of that which I beheld to-day;

And as the fair original does exceed

All that the artist painted her, indeed

So do my feeble words but faintly show

A depth of love much more than she can know.

KING. Sensibly spoken like a good young man.

Now Thomas Tucker, if you'll find a plan

To cure her great conceit and dense stupidity,

Why you shall marry her.

(Ministers bow assent.)

PRINCE. Done, Sire. With rapidity

Let the Princess appear; with help of Jack

The lady to her senses I'll bring back.

KING. Call the Princess! This matter we will wind up.

(Enter PRINCESS, Nurse, Ladies.)

Now, Madam, have you made your little mind up?

PRINCESS. Not I. The fair Princess of these dominions

Has of herself the highest of opinions.

PRINCE. Then Jack in Box spring up. The name I call

Can make the greatest of them here feel small!

(JACK IN BOX appears.)

JACK. Behold me! The Princess, as small Bo-Peep,

Will lose her subjects, all transformed to sheep.

King of Cockaigne, Jack Horner you become ;
 Be a good boy and you'll pick out the plum.
 Reduced in size when I one touch bestow,
 Away to Nursery Island all must go.

(KING descends throne. *Alarm of Court.*)

KING. *Air.*—"Eaton Square." *Chorus only.*

Oh ! this sort of thing is all very well,
 But I think it isn't fair ;
 When you have a mind to be a swell,
 To be packed off anywhere.

PRINCE. *Air.*—"Have you seen the Shah ?" *Chorus only.*

You'll see what you are boys—you'll see what you are,
 When you are sent to Nursery Land, which is peculiar.
 Stuck up with pride, you would deride the wish of your Papa,
 And only answer everyone with "Psha !"

PRINCE. *Air.*—"Belle of the Ball."

When you're small you are always delighted
 At getting some fun on the chance ;
 But there's nothing with which you're requited,
 In years as you come to advance.
 Men remain—only bent on gain—
 And girls are bent upon beaux ;
 While you all are forgetting the truths
 That from Nursery Island arose.

Chorus.

And so we must all be small, dear boys,
 And so we must all be small, dear boys ;
 Till we our faults can recall, dear boys,
 We must be all of us small.

(JACK, during Chorus, touches each of the characters, and by the time the air has ended the transformation is effected. The KING, PRINCE, PRINCESS, and all the Court have disappeared, and in

their places are LITTLE BO-PEEP, *with crook,* TOM TUCKER, JACK HORNER, *with pie,* PETER PIPER, *picking his peck of pepper,* Baker's Man, *with cake,* MARGERY DAW, *with see-saw;* and JACK SPRATT and WIFE, HUMPTY DUMPTY, LITTLE MISS MUFFETT, SIMPLE SIMON, and LITTLE BOY BLUE, *in background.*)

TABLEAU.

(JACK IN THE BOX points triumphantly to the result of the change he has effected, and as he goes off the characters become animated.)

TOM T. Jack in the Box his purpose has made plain,
We are all sent back to childhood's days again.

BO-PEEP. Where am I? Wasn't I once a great Princess?
And isn't that my father—only less?

TOM T. Yes, that's the monarch seated in the corner.
His kingdom is a pie, his name Jack Horner.

BO-PEEP. Our Chancellor of Exchequer—see there sticking!

TOM T. Now Peter Piper—pecks of pepper picking.

BO-PEEP. And there our Lord Chief Justice, by see-saw,
Keeping the proper balance of the law.
That Baker's Man, who pricks a name with holes?

TOM T. Now Pat-a-Cake, once Master of the Rolls.

BO-PEEP. My Ladies of the Court, where shall I find them?

TOM T. They're sheep, and awful tales have left behind them.

BO-PEEP. Oh, what a change! Most curious it does seem.
When shall I hear of them?

TOM T. In Bo-Peep's dream.

(Slow music. TOM TUCKER waves his hand; characters disperse, and scene changes to)

SCENE VI.

Nursery Island.

(Lively Pastoral Music, as scene opens. Enter Children gathering

buttercups and daisies. Appearance of the missing sheep passing in succession. When they have gone off, BO-PEEP enters, meeting TOM TUCKER.)

BO-PEEP. Oh, Thomas Tucker—what a lucky meeting,
I've lost my sheep, but dreamed I heard them bleating.
By hook or crook I'm quite resolved to find them,

TOM T. Leave them alone—no tales they'll leave behind them.
But now no more seems Thomas Tucker chid.

BO-PEEP. I feel so different from what I did,
No longer I'm conceited.

TOM T. Well I never!

BO-PEEP. I've grown, too, much more sensible and clever.
My nursery playmates with attention honour me,
Jack Sprat has taught me lessons in economy.
Patience from Peter Piper have I learned,
And Simple Simon, how a penny's turned.

TOM T. While Humpty Dumpty tumbling from the wall,
Has warned you of the danger of a fall.

BO-PEEP. Nay—I have been industrious too, you know,
Little Miss Muffet taught me how to sew.
And when I said at music I would try,
Little Boy Blew his horn, and so could I.

TOM T. Why, thus endowed, you'll lead a useful life,
And I would marry had I such a wife.

BO-PEEP. Then you shall be my little sweetheart still.

TOM T. Most charming of small mortals, so I will:

BO-PEEP. Here is my fortune—I am rich in wool,

(Black sheep crosses with three bags.)

Three bags you see, and every bag is full.
One for Papa, once Emperor of Cockaigne,
Two for provisions going down Red Lane.

TOM T. Why we are rich, indeed; this reformation
Will soon make all resume their former station.

Song.—BO-PEEP.

Air.—"Down by the Old Mill Stream."

If you would be contented as a farmer,
 I should be also blest.
 Quite sure that you liked your little charmer,
 If only she tried to do her best.
 The humblest fare, she'd gladly share,
 No frown should e'er be seen,
 You'll not forget your charming little pet,
 You met upon Buttercup Green.

Refrain.

Yes, upon Buttercup Green,
 Many happy hours shall be seen.
 Dancing every day, we'll pass the hours away,
 Living upon Buttercup Green.

(BO-PEEP's little Fandango, and Ballet of Buttercups and Daisies.)

(On which scene closes.)

SCENE VII.

The Broken Bowl on the Black Rocks.

(*Marked Music.* Enter with their quarter staves, RALPH, RICHARD, and ROBIN, the Three Wise Men of Gotham.)

RALPH. Alas! we're wrecked, but had our bowl been stronger,
 No doubt our story would have been much longer.

RICHARD. Our voyage has been short, but still, dear brother,
 It will be long before I make another.

ROBIN. Cast on these rocks, it useless is complaining,
 Let's make the best of all the staves remaining.

(The three confer at side, while enter (as invisible) on the other side, ELFINA, HARMONICA, and attendants.)

HARMONICA. Behold, my fairy queen, here are the three
 Wise men of Gotham, who went forth to sea.
 Jack in the Box—that toy the mortal bought,
 Has to her senses Princess Poppet brought.
 And long imprisoned fays can cleave the air,
 Freed by the produce of the Fancy Fair.

RALPH. At least, if we get back to Gotham Green,
 No one more stupid than ourselves we've seen.

(They range in line with Fairies.)

Chorus.—Air, "Conspirators' Chorus."—Madame Angot.

When folks do wrong, which they'd better not,
 And choose to say it's a way they've got,
 The wisest course they can pursue,
 Is no such thing again to do.

ELFINA. Men talking in so sensible a strain,
 Fairies shall see you safely home again.

RALPH. Fairies!

HARMONICA. Well, yes, that power you may perceive in us,
 It's only men of science don't believe in us.

ELFINA. Make yourselves visible to mortal eyes,
 See, who comes here arrayed in princely guise.

HARMON. The very one—How strangely things befall!—
 Who Jack in Box selected from my stall.

(Enter PRINCE FELIX, handsomely attired.)

PRINCE. Regaining figure, I resume my style,
 Once more Prince Felix of the Fortunate Isle.
 But where's my pretty wife who charmed my eyes,
 Improved in mind tho' much reduced in size?

HARMON. 'Twas I who sold the toy to work the cure.

PRINCE. And honestly I purchased it, I'm sure.

(Assent of Fairies.)

I'm changed from Thomas Tucker, I confess,
 But where's Bo-Peep, my beautiful Princess ?
 Has Jack in Box betrayed me after all,
 Restored my form, and kept the Princess small ?

HARMON. It may be so. Jack curious tricks will play.

PRINCE. And so, malicious fairy, *that's* your way.

Duet.—PRINCE and HARMONICA.

Air.—"Quarrel Duo."—*Madame Angot.*

Ah ! now I see the reason why
 That fairy charms are bad to buy.
 They very temptingly appear,
 But break the promise to the ear.
 Oh ! why the story did I trust,
 If one could do it that I must.
 Well, you have had your Fancy Fair,
 And to repeat it never dare.
 For I will tell the world without,
 What wicked things you are about.
 A simple "Thank you !" is your price,
 It isn't dear, and very nice.
 But when we buy, the purchase is but nought,
 And mortal man is then to ruin brought.

Chorus.—*Omnes.*

Oh ! Don't he scold the other,
 What makes him go on so ?
 He'll never buy another
 Fairy charm, we know.

HARMONICA. Ah ! now you see the reason why
 Those fairy charms you had to buy.
 Of course they temptingly appear,
 And break the promise to the ear.

Oh! Why the story did you trust,
 And think to do it that you must.
 Yes, we have had our Fancy Fair,
 And to repeat it soon will dare.
 Tho' you may tell the world without
 What wicked things we are about.
 A simple "Thank you!" is our price,
 It isn't dear for what is nice.
 But when you buy, this lesson should be taught.
 You should take care of that which you have bought.

Chorus.—Omnes.

Oh! don't she scold the other,
 What makes her go on so?
 He'll never buy another
 Fairy charm, we know.

ELFINA. Cease these disputes, Jack truly worked his spell,
 For here come all the rest restored as well.

(Enter KING and PRINCESS.)

PRINCESS. Good gracious, Tom, do you turn out a Prince?
 I'm greatly changed, and better ever since.

KING. Bless you, my chil——no, that's been said before,
 King of Cockaigne, a crow would suit you more.

(KING gives his own Royal Flourish.)

PRINCE. Jack in the Box, this lesson plainly taught:—
 "Happiness means simplicity of thought.
 Teaching conceit and ignorance are allies,
 And even nursery tales may make us wise."

(Lively dance of characters off. Then stage darkened, and Dark Fairy appears, liberated from captivity by the result of the sympathetic purchase of the Fancy Fair. Testifies her delight by a fantastic dance, at end of which scene changes to

SCENE VIII.

THE GOLDEN LAND OF PLENTY

AND

HARVEST HOME OF THE FAIRIES.

(The FAIRY CORNUCOPIA advances.)

FAIRY. Here where old Time speeds on with rapid wing,
 Welcome to all with every friend you bring.
 Plenty we hope to see on every side,
 Plenty of mirth these funny folks provide.

HARLEQUINADE COMMENCES.

HARLEQUINS . . . MESSRS. WILL SIMPSON & WILLIE HARVEY.
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 CLOWNS . . . MESSRS. F. EVANS & W. H. HARVEY.
 PANTALOONS . . . MESSRS. PAUL HERRING & J. MORRIS.

TWO HAIRDRESSERS' SHOPS.

Pantomimists—F. Evans, W. H. Harvey, W. Simpson, W. Harvey, Paul Herring, and J. Morris. Misses Grosvenor, S. Harvey, and A. Rosalind.

A regular Boxing Match on Boxing Day—Two Jacks (not fish)—Caught with a Hook—Clown breaks their hearts, and become regular Young Shavers.

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Shaving made Easy—General Election, Everybody invited to the Pole—Clowns do a little Blundering, and of course a little Plundering—
 a (n) ice change to

THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

THE NUBIAN SKATERS. THE SISTERS NEVIERS.

FARMYARD, LAUNDRY, AND DAIRY.

Pantomimists—F. Evans, W. Simpson, and J. Morris. Misses Grosvenor and A. Rosalind.

"If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go"—When shall we three meet again?
—A Drop in and a Drop out—A Lift over and a Dogmatic Result—Pantaloons framed—the Tale (tail) end of a Joke—on the Roof, a Skylark, a Stily (lish) Affair, and a hard outside brick—Two sheets in the wind, and let go the Painter—Bobby meets with a warm reception, and a painful drop too much—A Kiss and a blunder (buss)—Mistaken Identity—Gone to Walls-end, ending in a Col-lision—Pure Milk and Half-and-Half—A leg up and a cow-hard-ly action—The Iron Cow—Wat-er you at?—Clown takes lea(ve)f-fer another Branch—The Copper in a Copper—Clown sees a Crow—Headifying Result—Skying the Copper—A Force-ible Rise for Bobby—Bobby elevated—Tree-son—Head of the Force Colossal—Which way does the Bull run?—Division of One, and General Division—Daisy Farm, oh?

Acrobatic Entertainment by the BROTHERS ETHAIR.

DOCTOR'S & CARDMAKER'S SHOPS.

Pantomimists—W. H. Harvey, W. Harvey, Paul Herring, and Miss S. Harvey.

Clown has a step that puzzles him, and receives a leg-i-see—Collared Beef versus Cribbage—One for his nob and two for his heels.

PIERO, THE ONE-LEGGED DANCER.

Persian Sherbet—the Great Gun of the Season.

A DANCE OF DOMINOES,

By the Ladies of the Corps de Ballet.

A Game of Cards—Beggars my Neighbour—Honours lost—A regular cut and Shuffle to

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Pure Malt and Hops—Morning Arrival to Work, and Evening time to go home.

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Incorporated 3rd May, 1836.

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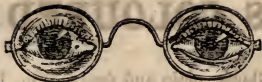
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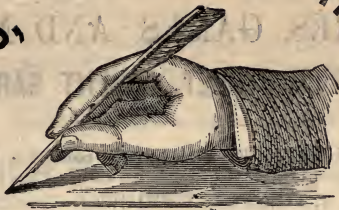
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